

JESUS AT THE TACO STAND
Jonathan Dorf

(A Friday evening. MARY, mid-thirties and carrying a chair, approaches a closed door just as JANE, slightly older, emerges from it. On the door is written "Patient Clinic.")

MARY

We made it through another week. Group hug!

(Mary puts down the chair. They hug.)

Ready for another week at group?

JANE

You look different.

MARY

I feel better.

JANE

No—you look different.

(Jane hugs her again.)

You feel different too.

MARY

Better different?

JANE

Heavier.

MARY

Fat? I've gained weight? I had a cheese pizza yesterday after the delivery man left. It went to my butt, didn't it.

JANE

It's not fat. You really bought those chairs?

MARY

One for everyone in group. Is it muscle?

JANE

Did you get an implant?

MARY

An implant?

JANE

Not an implant. A prosthetic.
(beat)
A fake boob.

MARY

What?

JANE

You have a left breast.

(Mary feels her breast.)

MARY

This isn't possible.

JANE

It looks real. Does it help your self-esteem to have something filling the space?

MARY

It *is* real.

JANE

That's impossible.

(beat)

Is there a transplant operation? Some experimental proced—

MARY

I didn't have a transplant.

JANE

Of course you couldn't talk about it. Or know the donor. Can't really go up to someone and say, "Thanks. I got your wife's left tit." Awkward.

MARY

I'm sure it wasn't there this morning in the shower. And then I've been at the restaurant all day—except for running out to get the chair before I came here.

JANE

Which restaurant?

MARY

The tacqueria—the taco stand with tables. A new customer comes up, says he's the Messiah and orders a taco. As soon as I bring it, he spills it on himself. Luckily, this is pre-salsa. I give him some napkins and tell him I'll bring him another taco. He says, "thank you." But when he leaves, he stiffs me on the tip.

JANE

After you brought him another taco?

MARY

(nods)

Guy tried to cop a feel when I brought the napkins. He had a beard.

(beat)

This is a real breast, Jane. This is my real, original breast.

JANE

That's imposs—

MARY

All I can figure is that the guy with the beard—who was wearing a trenchcoat in August, which is really odd—was who he said he was. I can't believe I was angry about the tip.

(She feels herself again.)

I'm whole. I am whole.

(Enter the MESSIAH, a man, perhaps bearded, of indeterminate age. He wears a trenchcoat.)

MESSIAH

My child.

MARY

That was the best tip. The best tip in the world.

MESSIAH

My dear child.

MARY

(to Jane and the Messiah)

Group hug!

(The Messiah throws open his arms. Jane doesn't move.
Pause)

Group hug, Jane.

JANE

I can't.

MESSIAH

My dear, dear child.

JANE

He looks up for a hug.

Why won't *you* give me a hug?

MARY

I have to save my hugs for group.

JANE

Good idea.

MARY

(to Messiah)
You can put your arms down. We're holding off on the hug.

We can't do the hug.

JANE

Right—later.

MARY

Ever.

JANE

(beat)
Hugs are for group. Only group members can hug.

I'm a member. I was a founding member.

MARY

It's a breast cancer survivors group.

JANE

I'm a survivor.

MARY

Not anymore.

JANE

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